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POEMS  
of  
LOVE AND FREEDOM

BY  
FRANK TOBEY WINSLOW



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LOS ANGELES

**POEMS**  
**OF**  
**LOVE AND FREEDOM**  
**BY**  
**FRANK TOBEY WINSLOW**

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By Frank Tobey Winslow.

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To my friends, HENRY M. PIERCE and HARRIS F. WILLIAMS, each learned in law and literature, I respectfully dedicate this volume.

THE AUTHOR.

626048



## PREFACE.

---

The foreword to a small collection of verses must needs be short, else the cart will come before the horse, and be larger; so in making this, my debut in the society of my readers, I should not do much more than make a bow, say a very few words, and retire.

I have little to say that has not already been said. I believe that while poetry should always express the idea, it should never sacrifice rhyme or rhythm, for the idea's sake. Thought is its father and music its mother, and without this union, the issue is illegitimate.

In some of the verses which follow, there may be a little of music, and in many, the expressions of the individual and not of the multitude, and yet if these expressions have come out of the heart of one who has experienced the heights and depths of feeling, they may be of some value to the reading public.

To feel deeply is to live fully, and to sing of what we see and feel and think, is, I believe, in most cases, better than to argue it out in lurid declamation or cold prose. If I shall have lightened one heavy heart, or let the warm, bright sun into the dark chambers of the soul of one man or woman, I feel I shall not have written in vain.

FRANK TOBEY WINSLOW.



**SWEET MARIE.**  
---

- 1      Thy bright blue eyes entrancing  
With wit and mischief dancing,  
Sweet Marie,  
Their hypnotic beams enthrall me  
And completely do install me,  
Thy champion and thy knight,  
Till I'm sure I'm only right,  
If for thee!
  
- 2      Tell me, thou happy fairy,  
Why thou'rt so gay and airy,  
Gay Marie?  
Tell me if thou hast trouble  
And I'll prick it like a bubble  
That now floats in the air,  
And now it is not there,  
And thou'rt free.
  
- 3      When you seek your couch at eve,  
Pray hear me and believe,  
Kind Marie,  
That for you I'd risk my all,  
For you I'd fight and fall,  
And, pierced by Cupid's dart,  
Pour out the life-blood of my heart,  
All for thee!
  
- 4      If another thou dost love,  
If *he* thy heart doth move,  
Sweet Marie,  
Ah, then I wish you well,  
"Every daisy in the dell"  
Will nod its dainty head  
To approve of him instead  
Of poor me!

**THE HOUSE OF COUSIN NETTIE.**  
— — —

From the Island of Manhattan,  
From the acres of Chicago,  
From the far-off land of Dixie,  
From the happy homes about us,  
Come the kinfolk, full of gladness,  
To the house of Cousin Nettie  
To renew association  
To meet with hearty handclasp  
The friends and kin so many  
In this land of life and laughter  
Far removed from haunts of commerce  
Here in this quiet Northland.  
In this life of toil and duty  
'Tis good to save a moment  
In the fleeting years that pass us  
For such a joyous union  
As the one that is before us.  
Here we sink our vain ambition  
And our striving with each other,  
And think only of the instant  
Fraught with fine and friendly feeling;  
For when old and young together  
Meet and join in happy converse  
Draw from the past its treasure  
From the present its happy outlook;  
Shoot and parry shafts of humor  
Shake their sides with hearty laughter  
This is life and this is living—  
And this is what we came for.  
To you then, Cousin Nettie,  
We dedicate this meeting,  
Feeling surely that its spirit  
Will preside a pleasant memory  
O'er the happy life before you;  
Trusting that its even tenor  
And this clean and well kept mansion  
May tomorrow be unruffled

As the feathers of a gosling  
Or the waters of a mill pond.  
But now, honest, we can profit  
By your life so long and peaceful,  
And from it draw one lesson,  
The lesson for the future,  
The lesson for the peoples,  
The lesson of your lifetime—  
'Tis that of Truth and Justice.  
Now farewell, my Hiawatha,  
With thy convenient metre,  
Which I have lamely copied;  
Back to the Ojibways!  
Back to the laughing water!  
Let us hope to meet in heaven,  
If we *all* do meet hereafter,  
And that the "many mansions"  
Prepared for "those anointed"  
May be as bright and happy  
**As the house of Cousin Nettie!**

Watertown, N. Y. Sept. 9, 1905.

## THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

---

Gone from us who live  
To join the Dead—He  
Whose name was matchless in the world  
Because of Knowledge, Courage and Power to do  
Things of moment for Mankind;  
He who wrought for all Humanity,  
Leading all in thought and act  
From craven cowardice up to where  
They, too, like him, were fighters for the Right.  
Oh, Roosevelt, how we shall miss thee,  
Thy trenchant pen and clear-toned voice  
Proclaiming human destiny!  
There is none other to fill thy place  
To bespeak the true America.  
Only, as we, each one, repeat thy clarion cry  
For Justice and Freedom to mankind,  
Can we progress without thee.  
This is our duty to posterity,  
Since thy voice and hand are still in death  
Else thou hast lived and wrought in vain.  
Unless we, too, lead the strenuous life  
And fight, as thou hast fought for Freedom and for Truth,  
Our world will be a chaos  
Of conflicting lusts for power and place  
Destroying all ideals of the race,  
And next, the race itself.  
Let us then, be brave like thee  
And dare to tell to all on earth  
The truth about themselves in rugged phrase,  
Smiting, like thee, their consciences,  
So that, though thou sleepest forever still,  
Thy virile voice and pen  
Shall speak through us  
Still left with life  
The same bold thoughts for the weal of man  
Thou spake so fearlessly!  
Thou would'st have it so.

January 8, 1919.

**THOSE WORDS OF IRE.**

---

1 Those words of ire,  
So hasty spoken  
Of Love's hot fire,  
Were but the token.

2 For love, you know,  
Is always jealous;  
If 'twere not so;  
He'd not be zealous.

3 The hypocrite  
Is smooth as oil  
*He* has no fit,  
*He* does not boil,

4 Because deceit  
Becomes him better;  
He fears defeat  
To snap the fetter.

5 He does not love;  
He cannot feel  
The Power above  
The heart's appeal.

6 He will not fight  
For Love or Name:  
He has no might  
To carve his fame.

7 Far better him,  
Though hot and mad,  
Who speaks with vim,  
Words that are bad.

8 He's said his worst;  
He does not hide  
His anger's burst;  
He has not lied.

9 Though what he shouts  
He does not mean;  
There are no doubts  
His Love is keen.

10 And now he kneels  
And begs your grace—  
A look he steals  
Of your dear face.

11 Oh, smile again,  
My Sweet Marie,  
Do not disdain  
To think of me!

12 So hard I'll try  
To never pain you;  
The world I'll buy  
If thus I'll gain you.

13 Those words of ire  
So hasty spoken  
Of Love's hot fire,  
Were but the token!

**THOUGHTS AT DUSK.**

---

- 1 I sit alone in the gloaming,  
My thoughts are sad and drear;  
Back into the Past they're roaming,  
That Past which was full of cheer.
- 2 Across my mind come the flashes  
Of the sunshine of long ago;  
For an instant its radiance dashes  
Aside the memory of woe.
- 3 And then again comes the sadness  
Weighting my heart like lead,  
A truce forever to gladness,  
Ah, me! How good to be dead!
- 4 For where is the hope of the morrow  
When Love is fickle and cold,  
When the heart is humble in sorrow,  
When once it was joyous and bold?
- 5 Then my spirit leapt up in pleasure  
To do Love's terrible tasks;  
Then Joy was heaped in full measure,  
More Joy than any man asks.
- 6 Then the hours slipped by, all forgotten,  
In the glorious lethe of Love,  
Then rapturous thoughts were begotten  
With the fire that comes from above!
- 7 Then the night was day in its splendor,  
For all darkness was gone from the earth;  
Then Love was the valiant defender  
Of Happiness, Joy and Mirth.

8     But now Love is cold and forbidding;  
Gone is the thrill of its power!  
Oh, where is the pleasure of living  
In this dark and miserable hour?

9     Sunk are my hopes and ambition;  
Blasted the best aims of life!  
Never will Joy have fruition,  
Never will cease the strife

10    Of the irretrievable present  
With the fading and glorious past,  
Of the thoughts which were lovely and pleasant  
With the thoughts which are to last!

11    Into my grave I will falter,  
A wretch whose life has been lost!  
Better choked in the throat with the halter,  
Much less happiness cost!

12    Go on, bright one, in your glory,  
Obscuring the gloom with your light!  
Yet sometimes think of the story  
Of the one you plunged into night.

**MY HEAVEN.**  
----

- 1      Oh what can compare with the thrill of true love,  
          As it tingles so full through the veins?  
They may prattle to me of the Heaven above  
          My Heaven that legend disdains.
- 2      The Heaven for me is the bright kindling eye  
          That outspeaks the pure soul within  
Let others gain Heaven when they pine and die,  
          I'd lose theirs, mine but to win.
- 3      What Heaven is there like the wine of the kiss  
          That love steals from the radiant cheek  
What rapture is there like the genuine bliss  
          When Love pretends to a pique
- 4      And draws back so cunning and shy  
          From the fire of the roguish lad's darts  
And pretends all further assaults to defy  
          In this glorious battle of hearts?
- 5      Yet, let the poor wight start up to go,  
          In love there's now no pretense  
The battle's o'er and vanquished the foe  
          To that nameless feeling intense.
- 6      Now heart to heart they eagerly press  
          And drink from each other the wine  
Of the lips and the eye, the throbbing caress,  
          Sweeter ne'er came from the vine.
- 7      One moment they stand in a tremor of joy,  
          The next they may part for all time;  
But *that moment* is gold all free from alloy  
          That moment is Heaven sublime.

8 Of such I would my Heaven on earth  
    Be composed in plenteous part,  
    Away with the grinning folly of mirth,  
    Give me the *thought* of the Heart!

9 That soul thrilling moment, dear one, came to me  
    Last night ere I'd left your side  
    In sooth 'twas then you set my soul free,  
    'Twas then my apathy died.

10 O may that Heaven came oft to us both  
    To set us free on the wing  
    A truce to the Heaven of life-sapping sloth,  
    The glove to its champions I fling.

11 The Heaven for me is the bright kindling eye,  
    That outspeaks the pure soul within,  
    Let others gain Heaven when they pine and die,  
    I'd lose theirs, mine but to win!

**THE DANCE.**

---

- 1      No repining  
Floor a-shining  
Music's starting  
Now we're darting  
Here and there,  
Everywhere,  
Keeping time  
In a rhyme;  
Feet a-flying,  
Bodies swaying,  
Sorrow dying,  
All a-playing  
In the everlasting maze,  
In the iridescent blaze  
Of the dance  
In the palpitating whirl,  
In the vortex of the swirl  
Of the dance!
  
- 2      Holding tight,  
Guiding right  
Maidens fair  
Beauties rare,  
Strength a-wielding,  
Muscles yielding,  
Coming, going;  
Now so swiftly,  
Now so slowly,  
Till the groaning of the floor  
Moves us to waltz no more  
And sit out the last encore  
In the everlasting maze,  
In the iridescent blaze  
Of the dance;  
In the palpitating whirl,  
In the vortex of the swirl  
Of the dance!

3 Eyes a blazing,  
Love-thoughts raising,  
Warm hands clasping,  
Voices gasping,  
Voices whispering  
Tales of passion  
Till the music ceases playing  
And the morning light comes straying  
Now so faintly,  
Now so clearly,  
Through the shutters and the door  
And the town's slow-rising roar  
Tells us to play no more  
In the everlasting maze,  
In the iridescent blaze  
Of the dance,  
In the palpitating whirl,  
In the vortex of the swirl  
Of the dance!

4 Dawn a-breaking  
Limbs a-quaking,  
Duties fearing,  
Day appearing—  
Care receding,  
Joy a-speeding  
As we work,  
No duties shirk,  
As we're thinking, thinking, thinking,  
Of the glories of the night  
With pleasure so bedight  
Turning darkness into light  
In the everlasting maze,  
In the iridescent blaze  
Of the dance,  
In the palpitating whirl,  
In the vortex of the swirl  
Of the Dance!

Chicago, December 2, 1912.

**THE CAPTURE OF THE DOC.**  
---

- 1      The Doc, he sez to me, sez he,  
          I'm tired of single life,  
          I'm going to hunt around and see  
          If I can find a wife.
  
- 2      Now Doc was awful hard to please,  
          He'd had so many chances;  
          He just did love the girls to tease,  
          And smite them with his glances.
  
- 3      They flocked around him thick and fast,  
          These maidens of all ages,  
          Those guileless, and those with a past  
          With its many open pages.
  
- 4      But Doc, he was a wary cuss,  
          He vowed no one could catch him;  
          If you desired to raise a fuss  
          You only had to fetch him
  
- 5      Right up near a blooming lass  
          Who had a winning manner,  
          The Doc'd simply let her pass,  
          The Doc was from Urbana.
  
- 6      He knew a blessed thing or two  
          About the wiles and graces  
          Of girlies vowing to be true  
          With honest smiles and faces.
  
- 7      So Doc, he gave a stony stare  
          To all these forward hussies;  
          'Tis two it takes to make a pair  
          And two to make all fusses.

8 So me to be a single man,  
The Doc, he bravely said;  
So catch me, woman, if you can,  
You'll only catch me dead.

9 Now, Kit appeared upon the stage,  
And smiled and won her way  
Right through the Doc's pretense of rage,  
And Kit, she came to stay.

10 She knew the Doc from childhood up,  
And loved him all the while;  
To Doc and Kit we drain the cup,  
They both have got some style.

11 The Doc, he was a willing slave  
To Katherine's love and look;  
He thought he'd be so awful brave  
And dodge again the hook:

12 But Kit, she took the hook, you know,  
And with it hooked the Doc;  
You all can see that this is so,  
They're anchored to a rock.

13 Now Kit, it's up to you, my dear  
To treat the Doc so fine,  
That you can read your title clear  
To Doc's far western mine.

14 And Doc, it's up to you to give  
To Kit for her affection,  
So that both of you may live  
In mutual predilection,

15 A goodly share of love and gold,  
Yet not too much you know;  
For without gold, love soon grows cold,  
The lawyers tell us so.

16 So here's a glass to Doc and Kit,  
A long and happy life;  
On Kit may sorrow never sit,  
Nor on Doc a heavy wife.

**ALONE.**

1      Alone, alone, alone; Love is dying, Love is dead;  
       Away with sighing; away with dread!  
           A stone, a stone, a stone they give me  
       When I cry for bread!

2      Alone, alone, alone! My heart cries in despair!  
       Away with high thoughts! Away with prayer!  
           A bone, a bone, a bone, they leave me,  
       And I sit and stare!

**NIGHT AND MORNING.**

1      Think not that my love is cold  
           Because it's sad and pensive;  
       'Tis when rash Cupid is too bold,  
           'Tis then he's most offensive.

2      Because I do not fill your ears  
           With empty repetition  
       Of Love's bright hopes and Love's sad fears,  
           Of Love's deathless ambition,

3      'Tis not because I love you less  
           Than him whose talk amazes;  
       There's more true love in one caress  
           Than in vain words and phrases.

4      Let others couch their endless love  
           In long and prosy story;  
       Yet will this thy heart so move  
           As the nameless glory

5      Of that Love that suffers long  
           When no hope appeareth;  
       Of that Love that leaps in song  
           And no coolness feareth?

6 Tell me, girl, what is this power  
That loses me my head?  
That moves me at this midnight hour  
To start and leave my bed?

7 Is't not proof to you more sure  
Of a Love most deep,  
That this long night I must endure  
In a waking sleep?

8 And yet 'tis not the wakeful night  
My bursting heart regrets;  
But 'tis gay Cupid's mournful plight—  
That's why my spirit frets.

9 Yet now I'll stop and wait for dawn  
To bring me peace again.  
After night there is a morn—  
A rest from woe and pain.

— — —

1 All hail! This genial Winter sun,  
Set in its sky of azure,  
Sends all my night thoughts on the run;  
It is a morn of pleasure!

2 Its rays stream in my window bright  
And say to me in sorrow—  
“Arise, disperse the thoughts of night!  
There's joy in a tomorrow!”

**MICHIGAN TO ONTARIO.**

---

- 1 Down by the side of the inland sea  
    I sit on a Sunday morn;  
My thoughts are roaming wild and free,  
    But my hope is yet forlorn.
- 2 I think of the times of long ago  
    When happiness was my lot,  
When sadness was an unknown foe  
    And harsh care was forgot.
- 3 I look out on the tossing main,  
    Resplendent in the sun;  
My eyes roam o'er the watery plain,  
    I am looking for someone.
- 4 I'm looking for a maiden fair,  
    Who, on a luckless day  
My tender heart-strings dared to tear,  
    Took ship and sailed away.
- 5 Far out, where the sea-line meets the sky,  
    Her ship I ceased to see,  
And now 'tis vainly that I try  
    To bring it back to me.
- 6 The fierce, white sun obscures my sight  
    And mocks me when I stare;  
Against my feelings I must fight,  
    For she nor ship is there.
- 7 Far off by another shore she sits;  
    Maybe she's thinking, too;  
Perhaps, before her vision flits  
    The shapes of memory's view.

8     Perhaps, she also strains her eye  
      For that she cannot see;  
Perhaps, her wits begin to fly;  
      Perhaps, she thinks of me.

9     Ah, no! I'm too presuming, far;  
      Another claims her thought;  
'Tis his name, flashing like a star,  
      Whose love this maid has sought.

10    Tell her for me, ye whispering waves,  
      Tell her, ye winged winds,  
He loves you, and the tempest braves,  
      As on his sword he binds.

11    Ah, yes! We both will fight for you,  
      My little girl, Marie;  
Oh, give us aught to dare or do,  
      We'll do it all for thee!

12    We've severed many a friendly vow,  
      Because of thy dear self;  
But we are firm united now  
      And not by fear or pelf.

13    You have inspired us to aspire,  
      You've set the shining mark;  
To you we humbly string the lyre,  
      For you've aroused the spark.

14    That now again we boys are friends,  
      Let those who know us swear;  
'Tis your kind face has made amends,  
      Our friendship none can tear.

15    For, when our thoughts go flying back  
      To the happy days of yore,  
No one can put us off the track  
      That leads to joy once more.

16 Then once again let love have sway  
With its impartial will;  
Let's throw all fearful thoughts away,  
To friendship drink our fill.

17 Love whom thou wilt, sweet queen of earth,  
But know that this is true,  
And I speak not in mocking mirth;  
We, both of us, love you!

18 Carry afar, old Michigan,  
My message, sweet and low,  
To her, who sits in a distant land,  
On the shores of Ontario!

**THE CARAVELS.**  
— — —

- 1 Reminders of the past,  
Three hulks are anchored fast  
    In the lagoon;  
'Gainst the darkling shore  
Whence we pull the oar  
They seem from classic lore  
    To have come.
- 2 The moon sends down its light  
Across the sheltered bight,  
    Revealing all—  
The ancient caravels,  
The cozy, wooded dells,  
The lapping wave that swells  
    Against the wall.
- 3 As we scan the decks  
Of these phantom wrecks  
    With eager eye:  
Don't we seem to see  
That glorious company  
Which, so bold and free,  
    Dared to die?
- 4 Though not meeting death,  
Far from their native heath,  
    Still they dared  
The dark seas to breast,  
Nor did they ever rest  
From their lonesome quest,  
    Ill prepared
- 5 For their journey blind  
Blown by the cruel wind  
    That came from home;  
Till they leapt on shore  
Of San Salvador  
And to God did pour  
    Glad welcome.

6 E'en now we see that one  
Before our search is done,  
    Along the deck;  
Him whose spirit brave  
Brought them across the wave,  
Who taught them not to rave  
    When all seemed wreck.

7 Ah, Columbus, for 'tis he  
That now we seem to see  
    Looking grand;  
Thou art he who came  
Not for earthly fame  
But the wilds to tame  
    To fairer land!

8 Alas! a hideous cloud  
Precursor of a crowd  
    Hurtling up the sky  
Comes athwart the moon;  
Dark now is the lagoon,  
The storm'll be on us soon,  
    Let us fly!

9 As we ply the oar  
Towards the wooded shore,  
    We look back,  
Three ships are all we see;  
Where is that company  
So bold and gay and free?  
    Alas! Alack!

10 'Twas but a phantom crew!  
They've took wings and flew  
    With the storm,  
Back to their spirit land,  
Back to the golden strand,  
All the ghastly band,  
    Safe from harm.

11 We too, take our feet  
Back to the dusty street  
    With its roar;  
Leaving the caravels  
Rolling on the swells  
Of the wave that wells  
    'Gainst the shore.

**MY QUEEN.**  
----

- 1 She sits not on a throne of gold  
To rule and sway mankind;  
She has not hoarded wealth untold,  
A fawning court to bind.
- 2 She does not wear the jewels rare,  
Bequeathed from every land;  
Her pallid brow knows naught of care  
With its bewrinkling band.
- 3 She does not know the pomp and show  
Of a gay and glittering court;  
She does not hear the mutterings low  
That make the feelings smart.
- 4 She has not at her beck and call  
A thousand cringing slaves;  
No kinsmen, swift to plot her fall  
In secret woods and caves.
- 5 No cares of state perplex her mind  
And rob her lids of sleep;  
For her no navies breast the wind  
Across the treacherous deep.
- 6 And yet my queen's not less a queen  
Though lacking crown and gold;  
Her eyes alone have 'nough of sheen  
To make the coward bold.
- 7 By sweet and gentle words she rules  
All fortunate to know,  
And not by precepts of the schools  
Laid down just "so and so."

8 And when she lightly trips along  
In mull and leghorn hat,  
He who'd not break out in song,  
Must blind be as the bat!

9 And when her blue eyes turn to mine,  
In soft and pleading gaze,  
Ah, then! What joy divine,  
What everlasting praise,

10 Can justice do to thoughts so true  
That leap gay in my heart!  
Alas, that there are words so few  
My feelings to impart!

11 Oh, may you never cease to reign  
Over my lonely life;  
For you each tingling nerve I'll strain,  
For you is all my strife!

12 Let others bow to queens by birth  
Who rule by gold and place,  
Who seek dominion o'er the earth  
With their decaying mace.

13 To none of these so proud I yield  
One jot of 'legiance vile!  
Let me stand out in open field  
And not in a defile!

14 And there, with my head upturned  
To blazing sun and sky,  
I shall have then the lesson learned  
These false queens to defy.

15 Then, by that ever-shining sun,  
Then, by that azure sky  
I shall plight my oath to one,  
For her to do and die!

16 And that one, sweet girl, then know  
Is no one less than you;  
Methinks I see you coming slow  
Under the sky so blue.

17 And now humbly at your feet I kneel,  
My love for you—how keen!  
Oh heed this heart of heart's appeal,  
My lovely, radiant queen.

18 Bid me arise, a valiant knight  
To do your service grand;  
Fill me with spirit for the fight  
As on my feet I stand!

19 And then I'll do a curious thing  
'Thout fear or false alarms;  
My sword and shield away I'll fling  
And clasp you in my arms!

20 And thus my lovely queen and I  
Will win the fights of life,  
And thus the devil's wiles defy—  
Be conquerers in the strife!

21 And yet to me you'll ever be  
The queen of my desire;  
My soul will mount aloft as **free**—  
Indeed it will mount higher.

## HOPE IN DESPAIR.

---

- 1      Plunged am I in blackest woe,  
Darkness everywhere I go,  
    Murkiness profound;  
Not a ray of heavenly light  
To disperse this hideous night  
    Gathering round.
  
- 2      Groping blindly on and on,  
Hope and courage almost gone,  
    Joy disturbed;  
Gone the sprightliness of mirth,  
Peace no longer on the earth  
    For me perturbed.
  
- 3      Perish all my noblest aims  
Together with the lesser fames  
    Of the crowd!  
No more I seek the laurel wreath,  
For me the only joy is death,  
    My spirit's cowed!
  
- 4      Tell me, philosopher so cool  
Why you deem that man a fool  
    Who stakes his all  
On the cards that speak of love,  
Love that comes from Heaven above,  
    To retrieve his fall?
  
- 5      Ah, no! They are *not* fools  
To disregard the gab of schools  
    And plunge in;  
Far better to have dared  
Than that thy life be spared  
    For endless sin.

6 Yet, since I saw thee last  
Three whole days have passed  
    Of dreary rain.  
In sooth, it seems to me,  
God's sympathy to be  
    With my pain.

7 As these days were dark and drear,  
Bedewed with Heaven's tear,  
    So profuse;  
That thus my hours have been  
Since you I last have seen,  
    Swear my muse!

8 Yet the sky'll not ever weep,  
Mankind in woe to steep,  
    There is a morn;  
And, in the radiant dawn  
Joy leaps up like a fawn,  
    Love is born!

9 Oh, dispel this awful gloom!  
Give my tethered spirit room,  
    Sweet Marie!  
Shine on my clouded heart  
Thy glorious love impart  
    To poor me!

10 Then my spirit will arise  
When I gaze upon thine eyes  
    Speaking love;  
Then naught shall curb my power,  
Then no dark skies shall lower  
    From above;

11 Then, aided by thy might,  
I will win a future bright  
    For us both;  
Men will speak our names with praise,  
This earth know grander days  
    For our worth!

**LOVE AND LAW.**

“ ‘Tis not to be,’ ”  
 She said to me,  
 And quoted me the law;  
 “ What’s law to me?  
 Love should be free;  
 I do not care a straw.”

“ I love you true,” ”  
 She said to me,  
 And gazed at me so sweetly;  
 “ Oh, then, why wait;  
 Oh, why be late  
 To yield to me completely?” ”

“ By a rope I’m bound  
 Completely round;  
 The minister did tie it.” ”  
 “ Two tied in one  
 Can be undone,  
 You’ve only now to try it.” ”

Life’s meant for love,  
 Best treasure-trove  
 For us poor stumbling mortals;  
 Why wear the chains?  
 Law, Love disdains,  
 And pushes through the portals

To a life of joy  
 Without alloy  
 It leads in reckless measure;  
 Why close your eye,  
 When you can buy  
 The best and highest pleasure?

Speak out your soul,  
Mark out your goal,  
And run your race with spirit;  
Come, cut your thongs,  
Life to love belongs,  
And so, why need you fear it?

Come, come to me,  
And then you'll see  
That life is all for lovers  
So live and love  
That Heaven above  
It's true ideal discovers.

And in my arms,  
Away from harms  
You'll find true love eternal;  
And in our Kiss,  
And in our bliss,  
Our joy will be supernal!

**LINES TO A LASSIE FROM AYR ON PRESENTING  
HER WITH A COPY OF BURNS' POEMS.**

—  
The Past is dark with thoughts of gloom,  
I will not look upon it;  
To retrospect would spell my doom,  
And spoil this little sonnet.

My life is full of thoughts of joy  
Of every kind and nature;  
Which now all gloomy thoughts destroy—  
I've found a lovely creature,

Who rouses hope and love and life  
Through all my wakened being;  
Who spurs me keener for the strife,  
My fettered spirit freeing.

And you, dear Helen, are the one  
Who's giving me this pleasure;  
Never more I'll be alone,  
Nor wanting love's full measure.

You've come to shine upon my heart,  
And make it warm and tender;  
For you I'll try to do my part  
In being your defender.

Not that you need defense, my dear  
For aught you've undertaken;  
'Tis only to dismiss all fear  
You'll ever be forsaken

By one who in his deepest soul  
Has learned in truth to love you  
Who's set you as his shining goal,  
For there are none above you.

And now from me accept this book  
Of Bobby Burns' verses,  
And pray, dear, do not overlook  
His love-thoughts or his curses,

But when you read them, one and all,  
And on them ponder duly,  
Remember me whose soul's in thrall  
The one who loves you truly.

**TO MY NEW FOUND FRIEND—NORMA.**  
---

- 1 Lovers may tell the old, old tales  
    Of that which fills their hearts,  
Lovers may plight the old, old vows,  
    Cupid may shoot his darts
- 2 Piercing these hearts of woman and man  
    Causing the utmost pain  
Making the wounds that never heal,  
    That leave an indelible stain.
- 3 A stain that ever lingering, stays  
    Until the two are made one  
Not even the bond that ties them secure  
    Not even the radiant sun
- 4 Is able to rid their life of the blot  
    Put there by the all jealous Boy  
He laughs long and loud as he hides and he looks,  
    For he who makes can destroy.
- 5 Oh no, as for me, away with this pest!  
    Away with his arrows that sting!  
Away with the havoc and wreck of his course!  
    Away with the sorrows they bring!
- 6 For, looking above this travail and woe,  
    This scene of love and despair,  
My eyes rest upon a beautiful sight—  
    A maiden exquisite and fair.
- 7 No love vows to her, so strong do I pour  
    No hopes does she hold out to me  
And yet in her eyes so honest and blue  
    As the blue of the great wide sea—
- 8 I read the message, for which my heart yearns,  
    The message of friendship and life  
It comes to me almost broken in grief  
    And all worn out with the strife,
- 9 And says, I think, if I read it aright  
    “Do not break, do not bend  
You have found, sir, in the midst of your night  
    The best gift of God—A true friend!”

---

## LINES SUGGESTED BY A PAUSE AT THE STATUE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, IN LINCOLN PARK.

---

- 1 To thee, who sits enthroned in majesty  
Of bronze  
Here in the western world,  
Far from thy haunts of birth  
And plenteous life,  
Thine eyes turned toward thy  
Former home, we bring  
Our wreaths and homage.
- 2 On this beauteous day  
Aglow with spring's new light,  
A-quiver with the bursting  
Buds and blades, we of the  
Sordid west, pause at thy  
Figured shape, and bow in  
Reverence to thy royal mind,  
Illumining for all men since  
Thy earthly death, the firmament;  
To thee, and to thee alone we  
Kneel, Oh Shakespeare!

April 23, 1911.

### PROSPECT.

---

- 1 On yester-eve thy thoughts turned back  
To the day of days for thee  
When thou and thy first love joined hands  
Under the nuptial tree.
- 2 Then all was bright and all was fair  
The future outlook grand  
It was then that thou wast indeed  
The happiest in the land!
- 3 The youth around so glad and gay  
Who helped to see you wed;  
Of these today some still are left  
And some are with the dead.

4 And him who stood so fine and strong  
    And gave his vows so true  
He too has gone the lonesome road  
    Without his girls and you.

5 'Tis right that on this wedding day  
    You turn your thoughts back home  
And think so deeply of the past  
    And brush away life's foam.

6 But now, my dear, the day has gone,  
    Another day is here  
Another one now claims your thought,  
    The dawn is bright and clear.

7 He comes to you and clasps your hand  
    And looks into your eye.  
He whispers words of love and hope,  
    The words that never die.

8 He tells you not to weep nor mourn  
    Nor think more of the past,  
But only of the time to come  
    Ah, yes, the die is cast!

9 No longer can we fight our fate,  
    It's fixed it seems, though slow,  
That on some future glorious day  
    When whispering breezes blow,

10 We too, may stand beneath the tree  
    That makes for love and life  
And there to plight eternal vows  
    To live as man and wife;

11 To live not selfishly for self  
    But each for the other's joy,  
And the sun will shine and the world will laugh  
    At our happiness without alloy.

12 Tonight it's you who comes to me  
    Through spaces far between  
And fills me with these happy thoughts  
    My own, my life's real queen!

**TO THE ONE WHO BECAME MY WIFE.**  
---

- 1 To you tonight my feelings turn  
The chosen one of all;  
For you alone my heart doth burn,  
For you my senses call.
- 2 To hold you closely in my arms,  
That is my heart's desire;  
To gaze upon your many charms,  
And kindle passion's fire.
- 3 And yet 'tis not base passion's power  
That draws me near to thee;  
'Tis not the feeling of an hour,  
But of eternity!
- 4 The love that knits our souls in one  
Knows neither time nor space.  
Dan Cupid no one can out run  
In such an honest race!
- 5 Together we will climb the hill,  
The heights of peace and love—  
Yes, we'll not pause until  
The One who is above
- 6 Shall say to us at even-time:  
“Well done my faithful pair.”  
Oh! This were happiness sublime  
Without a trace of care!
- 7 That day will come for you and me,  
If we deserve its joy,  
Oh, may our actions ne'er so be  
It's advent to destroy!

**DOUBT.**  
— — —

- 1 In thy brown eyes gazing  
Is born a love amazing,  
    Most intense;  
So that my thought goes ranging  
Never fickle, never changing,  
    (No offense?)
  
- 2 To a sweet and gentle maiden  
With precious bounties laden  
    Of face and form;  
Will she spurn my loving verses  
And meet my praise with curses  
    In a storm?
  
- 3 Nay, do not treat me coolly  
Do not be unduly  
    Vexed and mad!  
How can you so deny me?  
Will you still defy me,  
    Me, so sad?
  
- 4 Sad for just a token  
Of esteem unbroken  
    From your heart;  
Sad for your glance of kindness,  
To relieve the awful blindness,  
    Of my part!
  
- 5 For I fear to play the lover  
And later to discover  
    Another one supreme;  
On account of this I ask you  
'Tis for this I task you  
    With this theme.

6     'Tis too true, your beauty  
      Has lost for me my duty  
          To do right;  
      I think not of the sorrow  
      Of a dim far-off tomorrow  
          In your sight.

7     I think you will not spurn me  
      And swift and quickly turn me  
          From my course;  
      At least a hearing grant me,  
      E'er others swift supplant me  
          By love's force.

8     Till then my heart is beating  
      For the joyous, gladsome meeting  
          Of us twain  
      Till then I will be fearing  
      The fateful answer nearing  
          With its joy or pain!

### WHO AND WHAT IS SHE?

— — —

1     Pinker far than pink June roses  
      That a summer sun discloses  
          To our view,  
      Are her cheeks of alabaster,  
      Where the color rushes faster  
      Than a truant from his master  
          In a stew!

2     Bluer than the vault of Heaven  
      On a shining day at eleven,  
          Are her eyes;  
      Whiter than the pearls of ocean  
      Are the teeth which claim devotion  
      Almost glowing with emotion  
          Without guise.

3 Fairer far than Grecian maiden  
With languorous incense laden,  
Is her form.  
Bright as molten gold her tresses  
Which the glorious Sun-God blesses,  
Or the playful wind caresses  
In a storm.

4 Yet, 'tis neither forms nor faces  
With their thousand witching graces,  
That men love;  
'Tis the pure and gentle spirit  
That all the good inherit  
That wins the lasting merit  
From above.

5 And that she is so gifted  
That her beauteous life is lifted  
'Bove the crowd,  
Tell my muse, in wondrous story;  
Tell of her radiant glory,  
Tell, till thy hair is hoary,  
Be not cowed.

6 Tell of her generous nature  
How she loveth every creature  
That is born;  
How her happy wiles and graces  
Have wreathed in smiles our faces,  
Have made naught of serious cases,  
Of hopes forlorn.

7 Tell of it all at leisure  
Or tell in hasty measure,  
'Tis the same;  
What cares her truest lover  
So long as love can move her  
To write in skies above her  
His dear name.

8 For her he runs life's races,  
For her he'll win chief places  
In the strife.  
'Tis hers the soul that guides him  
So that whate'er betides him  
Always his time he bides him  
To know life.

**THE KISS.**

It was your lips of red  
A' quiver with emotion  
That lost for me my head  
And gave you my devotion.

It was your willing eye  
That made me seize your hand,  
And timidity defy  
So I could near you stand.

And as I bent my head  
And brought yours close to mine,  
All hesitation fled—  
You were to me like wine,

Which, sparkling in the light,  
Arrests my sober thought,  
And makes my senses fight  
As never they have fought.

And as your warming breath  
Came mingling with my own  
I cared no more for Death—  
No more was I alone.

And as our lips did meet  
In one long loving kiss,  
What joy is more complete—  
What is a greater bliss?

For a moment was I dead,  
Dead to all but you;  
Then all my senses fled,  
Only my heart beat true.

And when we kissed once more  
And many many a time,  
Joy filled me o'er and o'er  
And Happiness sublime.

Your Kisses were the draught  
That set my Soul on fire;  
Their liquor that I quaffed  
These verses did inspire.

Oh, may they come to me  
To cheer my lonely life  
Again, as warm and free;  
With them I'll win the strife!

## DEATH.

---

The end of heart-beats, the stoppage of the breath,  
The fading out of sight and taste and sound,  
The sinking of the mind into unconsciousness,  
A prelude to eternal sleep—  
This is universal death.  
Shall we again awaken on a distant morn,  
A long drawn-out existence to pursue  
In endless aeons of the maze of time,  
Renewing the struggle for excellence,  
Eternally with all the countless dead,  
Enthroning Ambition beyond the grave,  
Which often marred our earthly life:  
Or, falling to the deadening plane  
Of an unwieldy Socialistic State,  
Where the greatest dares not outstrip the least,  
Where not even Man is ruler, but where the mass  
Lives, moves, acts, and rules in sickening unison,  
Neither by Man nor by the People ruled  
Our lives to be the same?

Or shall we rather sink to final sleep,  
As reckless and uncaring for the act  
As when at night we lay our weary frame  
Upon a downy bed and glide away  
To that dark and sweet oblivion,  
Which was our natal heritage,  
And which encompassed us when we were not,  
For countless periods before our birth?  
Having run with honor our life's full course,  
Let us have eternal rest.  
Of what use, then, is life to me,  
A small and minute speck of time,  
Snatched from the womb of Eternity?  
Work half-finished, burdens and sorrows borne—  
For these is there no recompense?  
Kind deeds bring their own rewards;  
Sorrows have their counterpart of joys;  
Work, half-done, is finished by Posterity.  
Ah! That's the stimulus for life,  
That, each day, we strive our utmost here on earth,  
Both draining for ourselves the cup of Joy,  
And building for those to come an edifice  
That neither Time nor Change can crumble nor dissolve,  
But which shall stand, a shining beacon-light  
To countless coming ages and hordes of men.  
Knowing we have thus well and fully wrought,  
When Time strikes with solemn tone the final stroke,  
We can then drowse away into Eternity,  
Glad of endless sleep.

January 30, 1909.

**PRESENT AND FUTURE.**

Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
When to drink or have drink is a crime!  
When to drink soft drinks is sublime!  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
When some said Man was Divine,  
We were fighting Beasts from the Rhine;  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
It remains for the clergy to tell  
If we are all going to h—l,  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
Man is just as ready to fight  
As when he first saw the light,  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
I'm sure I don't care a d— —n bit  
So long as I make myself fit,  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
Oh, what are we coming to?  
Oh, where are we going to?  
So long as we look for the Light,  
So long as we fight for the Right,  
Who cares what we are coming to?  
Who cares where we are going to?









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